

FORREST AND DICK TAYLOR WHIPPED. Our readers will recollect the correspondence to the *Dispatch*

FOREST AND DICK TAYLOR WHIPPED. Our readers will recollect the correspondence to the *Dispatch* from Eastport a few days ago, in which Gen. Forest was challenged to a fair, open field fight, and Gen. Wilson, proposing a fair, open field fight, and expressing his conviction of success in such an engagement. It appears that Gen. Wilson had gratified Forest in his desire to meet him, and the result is entirely contrary to the expectations of the rebel General, if he had any sanguinary convictions, as he asserted in this brazen challenge. We are informed that Gen. Wilson, with a detachment of 100 men, met Gen. Forest and the fight took place on that day at a point between Selma and Montgomery, Ala. It was a desperate encounter, and both sides were victorious. The loss of skill and bravery of called into question. The forces under the two generals were quite equal, defeated, and a large number of prisoners were captured by Gen. Wilson. He also destroyed sixteen cars containing arms and munitions, and destroyed 100 mules and locomotives. Gen. Wilson left Eastport a week, and his force consists of cavalry cutthroat.—Nashville

THE PORT SUMNER EXCURSION. The governor steamer Arago, Capt. Gadsden, sailed from this port on last Saturday for Port Sumner, accompanied by Major Anderson, Rev. Mr. Bercher, and about fifty others went as passengers by invitation of Secretary Stanton. A large number of distinguished guests, military and civil, will accompany the party, and it is expected they will be conveyed by steamer from Washington. The Arago took out the old Sumner flags, which were brought off in triumph by Major Anderson, and which will be in the most prominent positions on the 44th coast. — *Journal of Commerce.*

THE TRIP. The officers of the Iron-clad Dictator, which has made a trial trip to Hampton Roads and back, are delighted with the vessel. She steers beautifully, an turn round in three or four times her length, is quick in her movements, and has a most comfortable twenty of the fifty-six furnaces, for her boilers in operation made ten knots per hour, her gans can be hauled in a sea way, and it requires only two men to steer her. She has a crew of thirty men, and her expenses are very less than fourteen and often twenty men, she will cost her contractors half a million dollars more than they get for her from the Government.

made before the Government accepts her.—*Boston Post.*

✚ The President has made the following record in the case of the Smith Brothers of Boston :

The judgment and sentence are disapproved and declared null, and the defendants are fully discharged."

✚ Alexander Milliner, a revolutionary soldier, died at Adams' Basin, thirteen miles from Rochester, N. Y., on Tuesday morning, at the age of one hundred and five years. There are now only four of the revolutionary heroes alive, so far as is known.

✚ Caleb Adams, a negro, aged 92, died at Newington, N. H., on the 11th inst. He was a coachman in the Adams family of Quincy, Mass., in his younger days.

✚ In the courts of Richmond, there has been another case of miscegenation. An Otello, named Richman, was charged with seducing his white wife, Willing Desdemona named Delia Mack, thirty-nine ashes, on different days, making, says the report, an

regate of 117, lashes, to be well laid on at the whipping post. That was before the recent visit of one J. S. Grant.

✂ A letter reached Washington in the army mail Friday, from Gen. Sherman to his wife, with this inscription on the envelope: "Fayetteville, N. C.—no postage stamps here." The letter was put through.

✂ Both branches of the Kentucky Legislature have rejected the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, by a large vote—the Senate 21 to 12, and the House 21 to 25.

✂ Two thousand colored refugees from South Carolina, brought out by Sherman, have reached the District of Columbia within a week. Most of them are women and children.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The General Agent acknowledges the receipt, through Samuel May, Jr., of the following sums from subscribers in England and Scotland, in payment of the *Liberator* for the year 1865.

From Miss Lapin, Bristol, North Wales,	\$7 43
" Miss Eaton, Hated, Eng.,	5 57
" Miss Whiteledge, Manchester, Eng.,	5 57
" Mrs. Taylor, Aubrey House, London,	8 36
" Mr. Nichol, Hanley Lodge, Edinboro', Scotland,	5 53
" Mrs. Birrell, Edinboro', Scotland,	7 38
" Mrs. Wigham, " " "	7 53
" Mr. Henry Wigham, " " "	5 38
" Friends in Edinboro', by Miss E. Wigham, (donation.)	36 90
ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS	
<i>To the thirty-first Anti-Slavery Anniversary, for American</i>	
<i>Anti-Slavery Society.</i>	
EDINBURGH, Scotland, by Miss E. Wigham,	210 10 0
Miss Walton, MANCHESTER, Eng.,	1 0 0
By	
Mrs. Elizabeth G. Olds, Johnston, Ohio,	\$2 00
Sam'l L. Willis, Rochester, N. Y.,	9 00
Mary E. Doty, " " "	1 00
Cash,	2 00

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THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

NOTICE TO EVERYBODY.

Two Weeks for the Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

DURING the fortnight commencing April 23, we will devote 25 per cent. of all the retail sales at our counter to the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers of the war.

ALBUMS, STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,

— AND —

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS,

Also, *Remittances by Mail for the same, when so specified, to the RELIEF OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS*, through the instrumentality of the Christian Commission.

Orders by mail for this object, bearing date any time previous to the 23d inst., will be accepted.

The acknowledgment of the Treasurer of the Christian Commission will be sent as soon as required.

The goods will be sold at our best printed catalogue prices.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
(Three doors from St. Nicholas Hotel.)

We, the undersigned, cordially recommend to the notice of the friends of "THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION" the offer of E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO. to devote to this object twenty-five per cent. of their Retail Sales of *Albion, Stereoscopic Views, and Photographs*, for the fortnight commencing April 3d, as set forth in their advertisement.

GEO. H. STUART, Pres. U. S. Christian Com.
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CLEANSE THE BLOOD.

WITH corrupt, disordered or vitiated blood, you are

[illegible]

Still we call this compound "Sarsaparilla," and intend to support the name, as we shall receive the name from the lead of obloquy which rests upon it. We think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the disease it is intended to cure. We can only insure the sick that we offer them the best alternative which we know how to produce, and we have reason to believe it is by far the most effectual purifier of the blood yet discovered by any body.

AYER'S CURE FOR PECTORAL is so universally known to surpass every other remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease, that it is useless here to recount the evidence of its virtues; the world knows them.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all druggists.

March 16, 1857. 2m

For the Liberator.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Standing on the steps of the Slave Auction-block,
March 9, 1865.

The heroes of an ancient day
Crushed 'neath their feet a conquered foe,
And in our battle-days sublime,
The blood of countless martyrs flow.

Another work has long been thine,
O, watchman upon Freedom's tower,
With bugle-blast and prophet sign,
Warning our eyes and hearts that cower.

Unheeded oft by human souls,
God heard the servant's fervent prayer,
And with His own right hand unrolled
Freedom's great charter on the air.

For the Liberator.

TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY ONE OF HIS FRIENDS.

Our game, I fear, is almost up,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
We soon must drink from Sorrow's cup,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Who would have thought, two years ago,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
That we should have been beaten so?
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Of home and friends we are bereft,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
And we have scarce a dollar left,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

It was a very great mistake,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
To think the Yanks with fear would quake,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

"Mer men!" old Abe's just made the call,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
Where do you think they find them all?
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

To longer "blow" is of no use,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
They're bound with us to raise the deuce,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Our cherished doctrine of "State rights,"
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
Is blown up higher than a kite,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

'Tis plain to see we are undone,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
Our very armaments out and run,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Alas! alas! I drop a tear,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
Not even our niggers do us fear!
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

But, dressed up in the "Yankee blue,"
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
They dare put us, their masters, through!
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

O, have we lived to see the day,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
When we our niggers must obey?
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

We've lost our men, and spent our "tin,"
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
And by the Yankees are humbled in,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

O, for some lone, secluded life,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
Where we might go and rest awhile,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Do you think that Abe would so forgive?
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
And let us in the Union live?
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

O, let us now our boasting cease,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
And on our bent knees sue for peace,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

And if once more we do get home,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
We never shall wish to roam,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Gloster, (Mass.) March 22, 1865. J. M. F.

WAKE, NICODEMUS!

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth;
And was bought for a bag full of gold;
He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth,
But he died years ago, very old.

"Twas his last and request as we laid him away
In the trunk of an old hollow tree;
"Wake me up," was his charge, "at the break of the day,
Wake me up for the Great Jubilee!"

Chorus—The good time coming is almost here; it was
long, long, long on the way,
Now run tell Elijah to hurry up Pompey, and meet us at the
gum tree down in the swamp.

To wake Nicodemus today,
He was known as a prophet, at least was as wise,
For he told of the better to come;
And we trembled with dread when he rolled up his eyes,
And we heeded the shake of his thumb,
Though he clothed us with fear, yet the garments he
wore

Were in patches at elbow and knee,
And he still wears the suit that he used to go to,
As he sleeps in the old hollow tree.

Chorus.
Nicodemus was never the sport of the lash,
Though the bullet has crossed his path;
There were none of his masters so brave or so rash
As to face such a man in his wrath.

Though his great heart with kindness was filled to
the brim,
He obeyed who was born to command;
But he longed for the morning which then was no dim,
For the morning which now is at hand.

Chorus.
'Twas a long, weary night—we were almost in fear
That the future was more than he knew;
'Twas a long, weary night, but the morning is near,
And the work of our people is done.

There are signs in the sky that the darkness is gone,
There are tokens in endless array;
While the storm which had seemingly banished the
dawn

Only hastens the advent of day.
Chorus.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

1865.

Behold her now, with restless, flashing eyes,
Crouching, a thing forlorn, beside the way!
Behold her ruined altars heaped to-day
With ashes of her costly sacrifice!

How changed the once proud State that led the strife,
And flung the war-cries forth throughout the land!
See helpless now the perished hand,
Which aimed the first blow at the nation's life!

The grass is growing in the city's street,
Where stand the shattered spires, the broken walls;
And through the solemn midnight silence falls
The sentry's footstep as he beats his heel.

Behold once more the old flag proudly wave
Above the ruined fortress by the sea!
No longer shall that glorious banner be
The emblem of a land where dwells the slave.

Hark! on the air what swelling anthems rise!
A ransomed people, by the sword set free,
Are chanting now a song of liberty;
Hear how their voices echo to the skies!

O righteous retribution, great and just!
Behold the palm tree fallen to the earth,
Where Freedom, rising from a stone—prison—
No more shall trail her garments in the dust!

—Hesper's Weekly.

The Liberator.

A WASHINGTON EXPERIENCE.

MR. EDITOR—A recent visit to the capital has been the occasion, in my mind, of many novel impressions and reflections, some of which may be of interest to your readers.

Doubtless, the early part of the month of March is not the best time to visit Washington, in order to get the most favorable impression. "Winter, lingering in the lap of Spring," is not altogether a romantic episode there. The latter finds feature and expression hardly so much in the yellow of the crocuses and tulips as in the mud. This is the all-pervasive hint of the renewal of Nature's year. Have you a vanity respecting the polish of your boots, or the varnish of your carriage wheels? The means are at hand to relieve you of it. Yet, if your imagination be strong enough to carry you forward two months, this disagreeable feature disappears, and is exchanged for the bloom of flowers, the melody of birds, and Nature "in verdure clad." Under this impression, ascend to the dome of the Capitol, or the heights of Georgetown, and a fair city greets your eyes, and you recognize the taste and judgment of the founder which thus located it, and gave it the advantage of its many lovely environments.

But exterior attractions signify little in the presence of the closing session of Congress. Unmindful, therefore, of the possibilities of May, or the actualities of March, I sought the Congressional galleries, and patiently awaited for any ebullitions of wit, wisdom, eloquence or wrath which the "assembled," or either of them, might chance to manifest.

Perfected indeed must have been the application which the House of Representatives gained for itself, in those palmy (ought I not to say, rather, *palmetto*) days when plantation manners were in vogue there, namely, the "national bear-garden." Even yet, it gives hint of the managerie. What buzzing of many discordant voices! what pincings to and fro among the more active spirits! what sportive altercations and sidelong conversations, while some inefficient orator is vainly essaying, by vigorous gestures and vociferation, to gain sixty minutes' attention from his associates!

At times, the clear voice and resonant hammer of the Speaker evokes momentary order out of this chaos; but no sooner is the prosy monologue fairly under way again, than the din recommences.

Emerson has said, "The people have not come at their ends by sending to Congress a learned, accomplished and fluent speaker. In politics as in war, bruiers and pirates are of better promise than talkers and clerks." This, once, I religiously accepted; but now, enlightened by practical examples, presume to differ.

As I sat trying to catch a coherent idea of the business in hand, I could not suppress the mental exclamation—"O for an hour of Clay, Everett, Phillips, or Beecher, to throw a beam of clear light amid this murkiness, and charm turbulence into eager attention, in an exhibition of that conjugal beauty characterized by the pen of ancient wisdom, 'apples of gold in pictures of silver!'"

The Senate manifested a better decorum and more business despatch; a result arising, in good part, I presume, from the more convenient size of that body. The House is ponderous; yet, in its multitude of counselors, there is no doubt greater safety against bribery, fraud or conspiracy. Perhaps the practice which obtains in the English House of Commons, of "coughing down" garrulous and windy speakers, may sometime come to the relief of our legislation. I fancied the average ability of the Senate to be much superior to the House; but the brevity of its observation hardly justifies an opinion. At its rate, mediocrity is liable to get the floor there, also, at important junctures. On the last night of the session, Cowan, of Pennsylvania, occupied an hour or more of the precious, swift-receding time, to argue what no body doubted, that the institution of trial by jury is an excellent provision of the Constitution. Every school-boy knows the arguments in its favor, and the Senate of the United States might be presumed not to need a reiteration of them. But what avails a jury trial when all the adjacent houses contain secret enemies, except "Sons of Liberty," "Golden Knights," or whatever else? When bullets whistle at you from your neighbors' door-ports, and midnight torches are thrust into your windows, the remedy of a jury trial seems ludicrously inadequate.

These and similar cogent considerations were well urged by Senator Lane, of Indiana, who opened up the subject by moving to strike out from the Appropriation Bill the Henry Davis amendment, which restricted military trials to offenders in actual military or naval service.

Senator Lane is a stalwart, energetic sort of man, speaking very loud, and thus he became hoarse quite early in his speech. But he is a lover of freedom, and a man of much character. A little episode of this debate, for the moment quite exciting, may in some measure indicate this. One of his energetic sentences evoked a round of applause from the spectators. Thereupon, the presiding officer, as I presume in duty bound, threatened that, upon a repetition of it, the galleries should be cleared. "Mr. President," continued the Senator, "I hope the galleries will not be cleared. I desire to speak to the galleries, for they represent the intelligence of the country, and the public opinion of the country, and it is in that behalf that I speak, and to that I defer." The temptation to applaud again was, of course, extreme, but the lookers-on held their peace and their seats.

Turbulent galleries certainly do not facilitate legislation; but when Senators become eloquent for human rights, "something may be pardoned to the spirit of Liberty."

The ceremonies of Inauguration day were of the usual stamp. I held no card of admission to the Senate Chamber, which, considering the unhappy developments of the occasion, must be considered a felicity. This inauspicious episode may, however, by the powerful and universal impression it has produced, be of good effect. We hob-a-bob with our friends glass, chip and joke, or become complacent and sentimental; thereupon suddenly a mad engineer smashes up a railway train, or bursts a steamboat boiler, or general upon the field of battle, wins a cup in hand, slaughters in his imbecility thousands of his comrades and our brothers, or the second officer in the republic disgraces the nation and himself, exciting by his conduct the apprehensions of hopeful and patriotic hearts. Then we startle to perceive in what dire abyss this rose-blooming path of intoxication may end.

The ceremonies of inauguration at the East Portico were, of course, the chief feature of the day, and attracted a vast concourse. It was, I thought, the nation epitomized.

Professing a Bostonian myself, I stood upon the Capitol steps, in conversation with a soldier of Berkshire, whose comrade beside him was a Pennsylvanian. I had just been introduced to a member of the Kansas Legislature, arrived in Washington the day before. I am sure there were present in the crowd plenty of "contrabands," (if the word be not obsolete), and I presume, also, rebels who had taken the oath of allegiance, from the far South; while in the distance, but conspicuous enough, I could see the stalwart form and mazy beard of the California trapper, who had visited Washington bearing as a gift to the President the "old horn chair"—and near at hand, the artist of the New York illustrated papers, busily sketching. I, therefore, had reason to be personally impressed both with the vastness of our country, and the dignity of the occasion which could thus gather an audience from the extremes of a continent.

The inaugural ceremonies were in the usual form, and have been described so often as to be familiar to all. I wish, however, to enter a protest—prudent, if you choose to call it so—against one rite which I witnessed with surprise akin to annoyance. Instead

of ascending to the oath as administered by the Chief Justice in any usual form of affirmation, the President bent over and kissed the book which the Chief Justice held in his hand. Presumably, the volume was the Bible, but if so, it was only a "fortuitous concurrence" of sheepskin and paper. If, as the book itself says, regard for the letter killeth, while the spirit giveth life, what shall be said respecting the mere handshake of printers and binders? The practice is of Polish origin, and like obsequiousness before the consecrated wafer and similar customs, "more honored in the breach than in the observance." Since God is a Spirit, can we better reverence his word, outwardly and materially, or in spirit and in truth?

The presidential reception in the evening was conducted in an ultra-democratic style; that is, the mob got possession of the premises; and that being the nine points of the law of etiquette, as they understood it, they kept it, much to the disappointment of numerous ladies and gentlemen, who waited two or three hours in the chill night air, in the vain hope of an opportunity to pay their respects to the host. Either the White House must be greatly enlarged, or else visitors must be taught politeness by police authority if necessary, and persuaded to move along, and make way for their fellow-citizens and peers in the realm. I had not time or opportunity to learn much of the condition of the emancipated population, but gained some insight respecting it in the intimations of a well-informed friend, and by observation from an interior point of view—namely, an African Methodist church. It was an edifice of medium size and extreme plainness, though the preacher expressed gratitude at the prospect of an early rebuilding. It was thronged with attentive and devout worshippers. My informant stated that there were fifteen or twenty similar congregations in the city.

The burden of the preaching was highly evangelical, with more numerous and frequent allusions to his sulphurous majesty than would have been considered pertinent in a more Northern pulpit of the same persuasion.

Incentives to temporal duties were not suggested, but stress was laid upon the means of grace, and the formlessness of earthly life and prospects. That preacher and auditory were in unison was evinced by frequent, and incoherent responses from all parts of the house. Gratitude for freedom was especially rendered, for the reason that now they were not compelled to close their meeting and be home at nine o'clock, as formerly.

The doctrine preached is not novel and unheard-of in the North indeed, but there it is assented to like a French verdict of guilty, with "mitigating circumstances."

Dives of New York allow, like his African brother, with proper caution and audible emotion, the vanity and wickedness of worldliness; and then rolls home upon luxurious wheels, and is reminded, in passing, that this week he must sell those vacant lots, and put the proceeds into the "seven-thirties," where they cannot be taxed, and that before another Sabbath he will have a pair of bays as good at least as those of his brother Brown, who has just driven by upon the road. Not so, Africans. He accepts the premises, and, with a logic worthy of Edwards, accepts the condition also.

"Are these people industrious and frugal?" asked I of my friend. "Very much so," said he. "What do they do with their money?" "Spend it on their churches," was the reply. He then went on to say, that it was difficult to interest them in social amelioration; that worldly advantage, education, personal thrift, and, in general, all those interests which we define by the word civilization, were viewed by many of them as quite unimportant, if not immoral considerations. Nor is this to be wondered at. Slavery has benumbed some of the finer sentiments of their nature, and its nightmare is not yet wholly departed. An anecdote, which I recently met with in the "Life of Seward," will serve as well as any to illustrate the origin of this morbid moral condition:

"Resting, one day, at an inn in Virginia, I saw a woman, blind and decrepit with age, turning the ponderous wheel of a machine on the lawn, and overheard this conversation between her and my fellow-traveller: 'Is not that very hard work?' 'Why, yes, mistress, but I must do something; and this is all that I can do, now that I am so old.' 'How old are you?' 'I don't know; past sixty, they tell me.' 'Have you a husband?' 'I don't know, mistress.' 'Have you ever had a husband?' 'Yes, I was married.' 'Where is your husband?' 'I don't know, he was sold.' 'Have you children?' 'I don't know; they were sold.' 'Have you ever heard from any of them since they were sold?' 'No, mistress.' 'Do you not find it hard to be so old?' 'How old are you?' 'I don't know; past sixty, they tell me.' 'Have you a husband?' 'I don't know, mistress.' 'Have you ever had a husband?' 'Yes, I was married.' 'Where is your husband?' 'I don't know, he was sold.' 'Have you children?' 'I don't know; they were sold.' 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